just an illusion by BabaO

Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Gay Will Byers, I don't know why I wrote this, M/M, Will-centric, anyway, but heeeeey, hum, kinda an answer to The Mike Dude cause i have diametrically opposed headcanons about this, soft ryers
Language: English
Characters: Dustin Henderson, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Will Byers
Relationships: Will Byers/Richie Tozier
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-12-25
Updated: 2017-12-25
Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:01:54
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,259
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Dustin bothers Will about Mike and Richie's resemblance, and Will thinks about it.

or, the Richie isn't Mike fic nobody ever asked for

just an illusion

Author's Note:

> hi!! I should probably write the fourth chap of The Mike Dude, but i came up with this instead! sorry <3
> anyway, same as always, I don't have any beta, english's not my mother tongue, yadda yadda...
> - The title comes from Just An Illusion by Imagination, which is a lovely song (go listen to it)!! and the kids are like 16 in this,,,, I think,,,, theyre Sophomores
> Anyway MAYBE I'll make it like a serie, idk DONT TEMPT ME
> whats more??? uhhh yeah point out the mistakes if you see one! that's all! enjoy!

"They're pratically *twins*," stresses out Dustin, looking like he's trying really hard to whisper but failing.

Will blinks. Slowly. He's drawing, eyes focused on each line he carefully traces, and frankly, he couldn't care less about Dustin's babbling. He's habitually *always* listening, but today Will has to finish this artwork to give to Mrs. Samson, his art teacher. He would have done it yesterday, but yesterday Jane had insisted for him to drive her at Mike's hockey game. And she wanted to stay a little after too, because she's a *supporting* and *nice* girlfriend.

Shit.

The line of the jaw is too long. Will sticks his pencil between his teeth, grabbing a stray eraser to wipe out the ugly grey stokes. He huffs, unsatisfied – of course, he isn't.
If only Jane had not bothered him, if only she had learned to *drive*, if only Hopper didn't coddle her so much and if only Hopper wasn't *fucking* staying in Will damn house rather than in his *own*, then he would have had finished this *fucking* drawing right on time, and he would have gotten enough *sleep*, and he wouldn't be fucking erasing this *fucking* bullshit instead of eating, *damnit*!

High school is killing him. Really, it's not that hard, yet Will Byers has never been so busy. He's always running up and about, from the art club, to the swim team, to *fucking* Jessica Hayes that wanted to talk to him about this nice girl and *oh my god Will, we should totally hang out…*

And he's constantly on the edge - *of what?* -, spending his time feeling annoyed, angry and *bugged* by everything : Will guesses that those awful feelings is what they call *puberty*, or just an awkward teenage phase, but he notices it and he can't seem to give it a rest.
He supposes that it must be natural for his friends: in a few years, they'll look back on it to see how much they've changed. They'll laugh about it, but Will cannot. He remembers less and less the quiet, kind Will Byers people talked about, a little more picked on but a little less dismissed by his own friends.
He hopes it's a good thing. Despite the party falling apart – he likes saying what he thinks: likes being in charge, likes knowing where he's going and why. He knows that who he became – who he is today is because of the *Upside Down*, of the *Mind Flayer*. He tries to see it as a good thing.

Nevertheless, he doesn't like being bitter, or *jealous*. So he doesn't say anything. And he'll certainly won't say anything now.

"That's like… so fucked up. Do you think that if they traded clothes, people could get them mixed up?"

Will sighs, finally looking up from his drawing. Dustin has one of his elbow propped up on the table, face pressed into the palm of his hand, gazing into the distance as if it could give him answers. Suddenly, he snaps out of it, eyes converging to Will, and gestures widly at a faraway table.

"Look! They're like… *fucking* doppelgangers or some shit!"

He's talking about Mike, Will's *alleged* BFF, and Richie, the funny new kid that had arrived about two months ago.
They're both sitting at the same table, Mike probably originally waiting for Jane until Richie came bothering him just because he *could* – he's that kind of guy. It's a fairly usual occurrence, seeing the two bicker, and personally Will doesn't put too much thought into it –

meanwhile, they had become the high school's favorite subject. *Apparently.*

Will eyes the two of them blankly, imitating wonderfully a dead fish. Then, he turns to Dustin, shrugging.

"I don't see it."

Dustin makes a noise, half *dying-mouse* half *angry-cat*. He waves with emphasis, looking stunned, and tries to say something, stuttering and gasping for dear life. Will isn't impressed, as it is Dustin we're talking about, *Dramatic Dustin* from the *drama club*.

But he'll make an effort, so he groans and puts down his sketchbook, twisting in his seat until he can see them without breaking his neck.
As expected, they're both talking to each other, Richie leaning on the table, looking smug and a little nervous as he always is, occasionally pushing his glasses back and making faces. Mike, on the other hand, could not, *especially* if he tried, look more irked by Richie's incessant chitchatting, rolling his eyes, arms folded.

Will squints: *okay*, so he can see the resemblance. They're both tall, lanky, with gangly limbs that take up too much space. They have those kinda matching features, too; the soulful eyes, the gentle slope of their nose, the freckled faces, the strong jaw lines – and now that Will is really looking, he can see why people are freaking out.
They could be cousins, or even brothers, but Mike and Richie are merely acquaintances, only bound by they similarities and their shared *hatred* (?) for each other.

Will, sitting backward on his seat, stays puzzled. He puts both of his arms on the back of his chair, and inhales deeply while resting his cheek in the pit of his elbow, lips grazing his forearm's skin.

He tries to look at them like he does for most of the things he'll draw. Like they're the most wonderful thing in the universe, like they're the *stars* and everything that's *good*. He takes it all in, contemplating, watching as if he had never seen them before.
It isn't hard for Mike, Mike that he'd knew for most of his life, Mike that had been so kind to Will *before* being a teenager, Mike that had cared, Mike that had always been the sun but is now just a comet,

sometimes passing by Will, cold but blinding all the same.

Starting from there, it's easy to see the difference.
Richie seems in comparison so *warm*, all laugh and loopsided smiles – he's afire and smoldering, and maybe that what makes the difference between the two of them. He's not the serious Mike Wheeler, but he's the hilarious Richie Tozier, the one that makes Will cry from laughing too much, the one that's here to make everything better and painless, that had found Will when he felt alone, and never let go.

They're *nothing* alike.
Now that Will knows, it's like an epiphany, an obvious realization he should't have needed. He could say it to the whole world, write a whole thesis about how Michael Wheeler and Richard Tozier are the most *antithetic* beings on this planet, contrasting and clashing like night and day.

And if one would look close enough, they would notice that Richie has much more freckles splattered onto his face, that his hair is curlier, tousled, that his eyes are clearer – and sometimes *(often)* Will can see a storm brewing inside them. Nevertheless, Richie's fingers are long and kind, *forgiving*, and his broad shoulders are here to protect, like his long lashes are there to keep the tears at bay when him and Will talk about his hometown.

Will studies their features one last time, falling a bit for the beauty of it all. And then he's done, and he turns around.
Dustin's frowning, playing around with the food in his plate – he lights up a little when he meets Will's eyes, and Will wonders how long did he stay like this, staring at them.

"I think… that they're nothing alike," he says, just to bug Dustin, but it's the truth.

It doesn't fail.

"What?! You're *crazy*, Byers! You need glasses!"

Will laughs.

Author's Note:

hope you enjoyed <3 thanks for reading!
leave a review or a kudo or whatever below,,, if you want, i love them!!
and feel free to come talk to me on tumblr @baba-ouba <3
that's it, love you guys bye!